

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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THE COMING OF THE DARK.

Full-flushed, the sun dropt down
Behind the hill;
O'er hamlet and o'er town
Blue haze rests still;
Tumbling, from dappled sky,
The ling'ring light,
With ambered tints an'gl'd,
Sinks from our sight.

With gray wings stately spread,
The twilight goes
Hov'ring from mystic bed
Beneath the rose
That in the gardens old
Blushes bloom-deep.
When day, its sweet tale told,
Fast falls to sleep.

Then, sable-plumed and girt
O'er mead and park,
With low'ring eye alert,
Stalks forth the dark;
Striding majestic on,
Whist clear afar
His sentry-signal shone—
The evening star.

The deeper heavens then
Flash softened light
O'er forest, flood and fen,
From star-eyes bright;
The floating moon upsails,
And o'er Night's face
Her pale gleam gently trails,
Like silver lace.

The cooing of the birds
Is stilled at last;
The lowing, mid-eyed herds
Have all gone past;
Peace reigns throughout the land,
And Nature then
Proceeds with lavish hand
O'er field and glen.

Whilst, from her dewy lips,
The cooling mist,
Like evening incense, dips,
Till earth is kissed.
Thus, too, amidst the flowers
The Hand Unseen,
In midnight's gloom-built hours,
At work has been.

—Robert W. Butters, in Chambers' Journal.

THE FIRST BABY

Being an Extract from "Little Lords
of Creation."

By P. A. Feays.

Among the new books of the fall worthy of notice is "Little Lords of Creation," by H. A. Keays, published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. It is the story of a baby boy, or rather two of them, and the author must certainly have raised a large family to have secured such an insight into baby boy nature as he gives his readers. The parents of the first one, a young minister and his wife, find their new joy a greater tribulation in many ways than the cares of a congregation. There is, of course, a love story with a happy ending in the book, but the center of interest is the babies. Any proud father or mother of a new boy will appreciate the following taken from the first chapter of the book:

It was a boy.
And really, after he was once there, it seemed impossible that they could ever have faced the prospect of his being anything else. That surprised them a good deal when the came to think of it seriously. For by the time he was an hour and 25 minutes old, they were fully alive to the fact that he might have been a girl. And that would have been—well, different. It was wonderful what a narrow escape they had had. And they were his parents. That was the most extraordinary thing about it all. There was suddenly a new and exquisite dignity in themselves of which they had never dreamed before. Years of feeling separated them from the yesterday when there was no link between them and posterity.

By the time the baby had owned them for two hours, they had developed a profound pity, which was perilously like contempt, for all the unhappy beings who had no babies.

To be sure, in their secret hearts they were a good deal surprised at his looks, for he certainly was not the infant Adonis they had every right to expect their child to be. Any man caught loose or the streets with such a complexion would undoubtedly have been considered "beery." And he had discovered how to make the most frightful faces. His mother grew quite anxious about it. At last she plucked up courage to say cautiously to her husband: "Do they all look like that, Douglas?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the young man, thoughtfully. "I never saw them before."

"Well, I don't think it will do to let him keep on wrinkling up his face like that. A tendency is almost certain to develop into a fixed habit unless it is checked in time, you know, Douglas."

"I should think it might be due to the unaccustomed action of the air on his skin," said Mr. Bell. "He'll probably conquer that himself. But we can ask Mrs. Coddle about his looks."

"Like most other babies? Well, I should say not!" declared Mrs. Coddle with an emphasis which terrified her innocent hearers; and then quite unaware of the effect she was creating, the good woman paused long enough to stick nearly a whole paper of safety-pins all over the baby before she went on.

"He's just about as much like 'em, I should say, as chalk's like cheese."

She meant to say a good deal more, but the baby, who had not yet recovered from his surprise and delight at finding himself the owner of a voice, began to exercise it powerfully.

"There now! Just listen to them bellows!" said Mrs. Coddle, enthusiastically, between the gusts.

But after Mrs. Bell had listened to them for an hour or two, she sent to the study for her husband, who had been snatching a nap there and dreaming that 10,000 bands were playing the same tune over his grave, each in a different key.

"What do you think about it, Douglas?" she asked, tearfully.

"Perhaps he's hungry!" exclaimed his father, brilliantly, after some moments of serious thought.

"Oh, no! He really isn't," said Mrs. Bell, earnestly. "He won't be hungry—let me see—for 11 minutes yet. All the books insist you must not feed him too often. You know we must begin right with him, Douglas. All his future life depends on the training we give him now. No, don't rock him or hush him, Mrs. Coddle. Why, one book says the smallest babe is so sensitive to the power of mind and environment, that he acts just as the people about him make him act."

"Fiddlesticks!" remarked Mrs. Coddle, cheerfully. "I'll warrant the person that wrote that never lived under the same roof with a live boy, or he'd never have called him a babe. A boy ain't a babe, nor yet some giris."

About noon, Deacon Creak, driving back to his farm from town, stopped to consult his pastor about some church matters. As he was leaving, he remarked, mildly:

"Child cries some."

"Some!" exclaimed Mr. Bell.

That remark rankled in his mind after the deacon was gone. It seemed to imply that a child could cry more. It opened up fearful vistas of possibility.

It was winter, and the house had double windows, but that did not prevent the nearest neighbor, who lived half a block away, from coming in some hours later, to say that she'd "like to see a child she couldn't quiet."

She went her way after awhile, though with every symptom of nervous prostration, but before she went she remembered to say: "I wouldn't let him cry like that if I were you. He'll injure himself."

Then Mr. Bell went for the doctor. It was growing dark and stormy, and the old gentleman was quite unwilling to go out just because a boy cried, but Mr. Bell put the case to him strongly. This was all the more trying, for when they reached the house, a mile and a half away, Mrs. Coddle met them at the door with her finger on her lip.

"He's just this minute fallen asleep," she whispered, reassuringly; "but I think you'd better leave something to quiet Mrs. Bell's nerves, doctor."

After this, whenever they sent for him, which was sometimes two or three times a day, the doctor was always either out or just going out to a farm ten miles west of town, or else he couldn't go out at all on account of an imminent case right in the neighborhood, or he had just gone to bed with a frightful chill. But, as may be inferred, he was a resourceful man, and a sleeping partner in the drug-store, and he always had something to recommend, something that would certainly cure the baby now, if they didn't overfeed him.

"But I just suppose you keep him stuffed full all the time," he remarked, tartly, to Mr. Bell. "I warrant you, the chap hasn't got room to turn but what the cork comes out."

"But it's only milk," remonstrated Mr. Bell.

"Only milk!" The doctor glared at him. Then he looked solemn.

"I tell you, my good sire, milk's quite dangerous enough for a boy that was born with an undeveloped stomach."

"An undeveloped stomach!" I don't believe it," retorted Mr. Bell, hotly. "Mrs. Coddle says he's the finest boy she ever saw."

"Oh, of course. But it's true, what I say, just the same. Go home and think about it." There was a twinkle in the doctor's eye, but Mr. Bell was too much wrought up to see such a little thing as that.

He hurried home to Mrs. Bell and broke it to her gently.

It seemed to them both a fearful thing, and they spent hours triumphantly repelling the suggestion, until Mrs. Bell exclaimed triumphantly:

"Why, it just can't be true, Douglas. Of course it can't. Why, if it was, he never could cry like he does."

Mr. Bell looked as if he failed to grasp to point.

"Don't you see, dear?" continued his wife, urgently. "Those deep low notes in his voice—he must have plenty of stomach to do them, I'm sure."

"You dear Betty!" said her husband, tenderly; and there the matter dropped, for the baby inadvertently fell asleep, though it was only two a. m., and his parents actually forgot what they had been staying awake for.

By this time their house resembled a drugstore. They had never intended their child to be corrupted by medicine, believing firmly that nature was the greatest physician, but in moments of frenzy they flew in the face of theory. They started out, or rather in, with lime water. Then they tried catnip, and peppermint and aniseed, and steeped caraway seeds. They began with the remedies singly; then they took them in groups, and there were even fearful moments when they emptied them all into him at once. They rolled him up in compresses until he was as tight and hollow as a drum. But he escaped with his life, and—his lungs. Then they undid him, and sat him in hot water up to his chin, while they poured a pint of it down his throat.

Then finally, in a fit of utter desperation, they threw their morals to the winds and varnished him inside, and massaged him outside, with—whisky.

"It does seem to me," said Mr. Bell, rather doubtfully, "that an unsuspecting person might think we were trying to murder him."

"But, Douglas, a normal baby never cries. They just sleep and eat. He's abnormal, and something's got to be done about it."

"Yes, I dare say. But I've really wondered sometimes whether he would not get more comfort out of his crying if we didn't interfere with it quite so much."

Yet, after all, he didn't cry all the time there was. There were moments

in his loud existence when he forgot his bangs—moments of mutual ecstasy for his parents, when he was simply adorable, and "good" and "good" enchantingly, and smiled—oh, yes! really smiled—right at his mother.

They never referred now to the time when they had thought him—well, not exactly handsome. He had such lovely blue-gray eyes, and his nose had been Roman from the start, anyway. He was the only baby like himself in town, and they felt truly sorry for all the other people whose babies had pug noses, wobbly eyes, and a general air of mental vacancy.

"Just listen, Douglas!" exclaimed Mrs. Bell, one evening about ten o'clock, when her husband came in from the prayer meeting. "It's really remarkable. I feel sure he's going to talk very young. You'd just think he'd been practicing vowel sounds the whole evening."

They went in and worshiped at his shrine becomingly; but in the chill night watches when prolonged and vigorous exercise is apt to pall upon the frame, Mr. Bell said, in a tone which bordered on irreverence:

"I must say, Betty, I think he's kind of overdoing this thing. I wish he'd give the vowels and me a rest, or, at any rate, tune up on the consonants for a change."

But, of course, the baby, who no doubt felt himself charged with the training and development of these two very young people, kept up the game, from pure love of the sport apparently, until it was nearly breakfast-time, when he refreshed himself with a brief but hearty nap. And then he began again:

"You see, dear, it's like this," said Mrs. Bell, cleverly getting in a little rush of words whenever there was a momentary gap in the volume of sound on her lap. "Our child has evidently got a very intense nature—that's how he can get along with so little sleep, for—whenver he does sleep—he sleeps all o-ver, you know, just like a per-fect human being should; he throws his whole nature into whatever he's doing."

"I wouldn't mind that, Betty, if he didn't insist upon throwing mine in too," said Mr. Bell, gloomily. And then they both laughed, which was a mistake, for the baby interpreted it as a rivalry of his efforts, and strengthened his note accordingly.

By nature and training Mrs. Bell was both religious and clean, but after the advent of this boy with his vocal output she hardly ever got a chance to say more than half a prayer at a time, or to take more than a third of a bath at a sitting, for against godliness and cleanliness, the baby had equally strong conscientious scruples, it seemed.

"I'm sure it must be weeks since I washed my left foot," she sighed, in despair at last. "I always forget and begin with my right, and he seems to know by instinct just when I've finished it. You'd think he was dying."

Before her marriage Mrs. Bell had been an adept in all the wisdom of the moderns on the subject of "child culture." She was confident, then, that she had an exact formula for the development of their little angel-seed souls into beatific effervescences. She had written an article entitled "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" which had been widely commented upon, with unanimous praise for its remarkable insight into the "child spirit." She remembered it sometimes now, but without joy, for her actual experience with a child in the raw concrete had led her to some conclusions of which the article in question had been strikingly innocent. Oh, yes! her little Laurie "led" them, but certainly not along the route she had in her mind when her facile pen-sketches so glowingly the spiritual heights up which rushed the teacher and the parent in the train of the pedagogical child.

Still, perhaps, it was just as well that she had gained glory by writing it when she was sure she knew all about it; she would never be in a position to dogmatize again.

MARTHA WASHINGTON'S FIRST

Her Husband Was the Boyish Lover
of One of Virginia's Famous Belles.

Westover is perhaps the most beautiful of all the celebrated colonial homes of Virginia. writes Mrs. Thaddeus Horton in Ladies' Home Journal. It was built by William Byrd, a Virginian of Virginians. The greatest of his many claims to distinction was his beautiful and beloved daughter Evelyn, perhaps the most celebrated belle of that day. She was educated in England, whither she accompanied her father on almost all of his trips as colonial agent, and was presented at the court of George I. She had many lovers, and naturally many offers of marriage from men of distinction in the Old Dominion, for she was not only a beauty, but an heiress. Her heart, however, was given, so it is said, to her cousin, Col. John Custis, with whom she had had a childish love affair, but whom she had not seen for some years, and she refused positively to marry any other man. Finally, quite in despair, her devoted father sought to arrange a marriage between her and the gallant Col. Custis. For some reason that gentleman was quite indifferent to the match and refused it altogether. It came to light later that during the years of their separation his fancy had become estranged from his erstwhile favorite Cousin Evelyn, and he was at the time of the overture from her father deeply in love with one Martha Landridge, who soon afterward became his wife, and subsequently the wife of the illustrious George Washington. The beautiful Evelyn, on learning of Col. Custis' indifference, pined and faded, and in spite of all the love lavished upon her by friends and family died of a broken heart, and her body now rests in the old burying ground at Westover.

FEMININE FASHIONS.

Fresh Fancies in Wraps and Gowns
for the Fall and Winter Seasons.

Flaming red hats, feathers, ribbons and velvet flowers are prominently displayed by high-class up-town milliners, says the New York Post.

Box coats of otter or sealskin, with revers and collar of contrasting fur, are shown among the luxurious displays of winter wraps particularly adapted for youthful wearers.

Gold-braid buttons, gimp, galloons of various widths, applique designs mixed with black silk braid or fine-cut jet, are lavishly used on new French round hats, evening toques, expensive opera and reception wraps, jackets and fancy golf waists.

Tailor-made skirts of gray, fawn, blue and black cheviot with trim, pretty shirt waists of soft French flannel or light-weight cloth, silk dotted, embroidered in black, or soft pastel colors, or merely with silk-stitched s'trappings and pin tucks, are favored styles for this transition season.

Luxurious-looking French redingotes, directoire cloaks shaped like a long enveloping saque; three-quarter coats, with cutaway fronts; shorter styles made double-breasted and with closely-fitted backs, Louis XIV. and Louis XV. models with handsome vest fronts, and very small Etons and boleros in innumerable new and natty effects, are all equally in mode.

A very effective French trimming much used on dressy French tailor costumes of cloth or camel's hair, consists of a band of white cloth with matching yoke and sleeve cuffs, nearly covered with horizontal bands of narrow black velvet ribbon. This is a particularly becoming decoration, and the tiny rows of ribbon crossing the white bands between spaces of about an eighth of an inch, serve to keep the cloth from being soiled for a much longer time than when used without the velvet lines.

A very good way to utilize black lace flounces is to have them made over into Russian blouse, the scalloped edges forming the open fronts and the flaring ruffles of the sleeves. It will be necessary to have a silk or satin lining of white, or else of some bright or delicate color, over which black lace looks well. The waist can be left untrimmed, or if preferred, black and gold passementerie can be used or rows of fine cut jet with matching collar and girdle, or the only decoration can consist of handsome buttons arranged on the front of the blouse. Another use that smaller lengths of expensive black lace can be put to is to cut out the delicate designs and use them for special trimmings en applique. It is well to have the lace redressed before this disposal is made of it.

RETURNED GOOD FOR EVIL.

A Jealous Dog's Tantrums and the
Undesired Treatment He
Received.

Jealousy is as much a characteristic of dogs as of human beings. Before DeBrown married, he had a brindle and white bull pup with a big, wrinkled head, pointed ears, under-shot jaw, and a sidewheel way of locomotion. He was heavy in front, broad between the forelegs and tapered symmetrically to the tip of his ratlike tail. His name was Zephyr, because of his cyclonic tendencies, and he thought more of DeBrown than of the rest of the universe in a lump, says the Detroit Free Press.

DeBrown recently took unto himself a wife, and Zephyr at once began to prove a misnomer. Husbands always caress their wives during the honeymoon, individual cases differing as to the rest of the time. When the dog saw DeBrown show visible affection for Mrs. DeBrown, there were all kinds of trouble and no recess. Zephyr first tried to slay his mistress, and was temporarily put out with a baseball bat. His second attempt was thwarted with an ice pick.

But brindle and white bull dogs are tacticians, and Zephyr changed his plans of campaign. He hid under the bed in the bridal chamber and bided his time. When it came he made narrow ribbons of silk gowns, tore lingerie into bandages such as are sought for at the hospital, piled the bed by mouthfuls in the middle of the floor, stripped most of the furniture of upholstery, and made the carpet look as though it had been moth food for a whole season.

Then the pup lay down to enjoy the approval of his conscience without apparent regard as to what the future held for him. The husband glared upon the variegated wreck and rushed for a revolver. The howling Zephyr thought that his time had come when the wife put him behind her, expostulated with the infuriated DeBrown and gave the homely brute one more chance. Now he sticks closer than a brother to her, and paces by her side wherever she goes.

A True Gentleman.

Familiarity with the prevailing standards of etiquette gives a young man a distinct advantage, and he who is sure that he knows is at ease and conforms automatically to social requirement. None can be perfect in deportment who has to stop to consider how things ought to be done. If a man be a gentleman at heart the outward polish is easily acquired—between manners and morals the tie is intimate. A true gentleman is simple, unpretending, natural. He is courteous and considerate, and has the personal dignity that comes of self-respect, not self-consciousness. He treats every woman as a lady, speaks well of others and recognizes hospitality as a mutual obligation.—Ladies' Home Journal.

RAILROADING INTERESTS.

Last year two Italian railway lines passing through swampy regions supplied all their station houses with mosquito nets. In consequence, there has been such a diminution in the number of cases of malaria that other lines in Italy and in Sicily are about to adopt the same measures.

All the English railway companies have now arranged to allow an extra weight of luggage accompanying passengers to be taken free of charge. The free weight of luggage will in future be: For each first-class passenger, 150 pounds; for each second-class passenger, 120 pounds; and for each third-class passenger, 100 pounds; instead of 120 pounds, 100 pounds and 60 pounds respectively.

A petroleum spray is used on the Missouri Pacific line for lighting the fires of locomotives. The reservoir for the oil is mounted on wheels. Compressed air is used to spray the oil. The air can be taken from any Westinghouse receiver or pump. In using the apparatus, the bed of coal is first placed on the grate, and then the jet spray is ignited and directed on to the coal, being moved over the surface until the whole is ignited, which usually requires about 15 minutes.

Landscape gardening on the right of way and the embellishment of station grounds have late years received a considerable amount of attention from railway men, but a contributor to Indian Engineering proposes to go our best hoped-for progress in this direction one better. This man, who, by the way, is a roadmaster, calculates that each mile of railroad right of way can grow 500 fruit trees, and the income from the sale of the produce he has figured out in rupees, with shade thrown in.

The tramp question in the United States has been a most serious one ever since the introduction of railroads. It is estimated that no less than 10,000 are carried nightly on trains, and that 10,000 more are waiting to steal a ride at the same time. The Pennsylvania railroad has taken a firm stand in the matter, and has equipped a special police force for the purpose of preventing trespassing. Some of the farmers, however, do not approve of this action, as they obtain much of their extra help in harvest times from the drifting population.

IN THE COURTS OF EUROPE.

The prince of Wales has given his sanction to the issue of a warrant authorizing the establishment of the Lord Roberts lodge of freemasons in London. This is the first lodge bearing this title established in England.

The serious, earnest-minded czar of Russia recently said to his royal cousin, the duke of York: "The position of an emperor carries with it many hardships, many anxieties; but of all my duties I dread most that of having to speak publicly, no matter how small the audience. People generally expect too much from an emperor. When I speak I feel how little they are getting."

It is said that the queen of the Netherlands profited by the shah not visiting England, for she has received the superb tabatiere of the finest enamel, covered with brilliants, which had been carried about as a gift for Queen Victoria, to be presented at Osborne on August 10. This tabatiere was valued by a Paris expert at 50,000 francs.

The empress dowager of Russia has always declined to accept the guardianship of Russian detectives during her visits home. On her present visit, however, this custom has been altered at the command of the reigning czar, and, much against the desire of the empress, she is now followed by eight Russian detectives of the international service. Four of these detectives have taken station at Fredensborg and four at Copenhagen.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Oct. 27.		
CATTLE—Common	.. \$2 65	@ 3 50
Extra butchers	.. 4 75	@ 4 85
CALVES—Extra	.. 6 50	@ 6 75
HOGS—Choice packers	.. 4 55	@ 4 65
Mixed packers	.. 4 25	@ 4 50
SHEEP—Choice	.. 2 65	@ 3 50
LAMBS—Extras	.. 4 75	@ 4 85
FLOUR—Spring pat.	.. 3 90	@ 4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red..	..	@ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed..	..	@ 42
OATS—No. 2 mixed..	..	@ 23
RYE—No. 2	@ 56
HAY—Best timothy..	..	@ 14 25
PORK—Mess	@ 11 15
LARD—Steam	@ 6 82 1/2
BUTTER—Ch. dairy..	..	@ 15
Choice creamery	@ 24
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	.. 2 25	@ 2 50
POTATOES—Per brl..	.. 1 15	@ 1 35
TOBACCO—New 6 00	@ 7 95
Old 12 00	@ 14 75

CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	.. 3 70	@ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red..	..	@ 73
No. 3 spring 65	@ 71
CORN—No. 2	@ 37 1/2
OATS—No. 2 22	@ 25 1/2
RYE 47 1/2	@ 47 1/2
PORK—Mess 11 50	@ 11 50
LARD—Steam 7 00	@ 7 02 1/2

NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	.. 3 70	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red..	..	@ 77
CORN—No. 2 mixed..	..	@ 45
OATS—No. 2 mixed..	..	@ 25 1/2
RYE	@ 56
LARD—Steam 7 30	@ 7 40
PORK—Family 16 00	@ 16 50

BALTIMORE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red..	.. 70	@ 70 1/2
Southern 69	@ 71
CORN—No. 2 mixed..	.. 42 1/2	@ 42 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed..	.. 24	@ 25 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers 5 10	@ 5 15
HOGS—Western 5 70	@ 5 80

INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red..	..	@ 72
CORN—No. 2 mixed..	..	@ 40
OATS—No. 2 mixed..	..	@ 22 1/2

LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	.. 4 00	@ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red..	..	@ 70
CORN—Mixed	@ 42 1/2
OATS—Mixed	@ 24
PORK—Mess	@ 12 00
LARD—Steam	@ 7 00

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